For I haue murdred where I ſhould not kill.

Exit with his ſonne.

K. Hen. Weepe wretched man, Ile lay thee teare for teare,
Here ſits a King, as woe begone as thee.

Alarmes, and enter the Queene.

Queene. Away my Lord, to *Barwicke* preſently,
The day is loſt, our friendes are murdered,
No hope is left for vs; therefore away.

Enter Prince Edward.

Prince. Oh father flie, our men haue left the Field:
Take horſe ſweete father, let vs ſaue our ſelues.

Enter Exeter.

Exet. Away my Lord, for vengance come along with him:
Nay, ſtand not to expoſtulate; make haſte,
Or elſe come after, Ile away before.

K. Hen. Nay ſtay good *Exeter*, for Ile along with thee.

Enter Clifford, wounded with an arrow in his necke.

Clif. Heere burnes my candle out,
That whilſt it laſted, gaue king *Henry* light.
Ah *Lancaſter*, I feare thine ouerthrow,
More then my bodyes parting from my ſoule.
My loue and feare, glude many friendes to thee,
And now I die, that tough commixture melts.
Impairing *Henry* ſtrengthened miſproud *Yorke*,
The common people ſwarme like ſommer Flies:
And whither flies the Gnats, but to the Sunne?
And who ſhines now but *Henries* enemie?
Oh *Phœbus*, hadſt thou neuer giuen conſent
That *Phaeton* ſhould checke thy fierie ſteedes,
Thy burning carre had neuer ſcorcht the earth.
And *Henry* hadſt thou liu'd as Kings ſhould doe,
And as thy father, and his father did,
Giuing no foote vnto the houſe of *Yorke*,
I, and ten thouſand in this wofull land,
Had left no mourning Widdowes for our deathes:
And thou this day hadſt kept thy Throne in peace,
For what doth cheriſh Weedes but gentle Aire?

And

And what makes robbers bold, but lenetie?
Booteleſſe are plaintes, and cureleſſe are my woundes:
No way to flie, no ſtrength to hold our flight:
The foe is mercileſſe, and will not pittie me,
And at their handes I haue deſerude no pittie.
The aire is got into my bleeding wonndes,
And much effuſe of blood doth make me faint:
Come *Yorke* and *Richard*, *Warwicke*, and the reſt,
I ſtabde your fathers, now come ſplit my breſt.

Enter Edward, Richard, and Warwicke, and Souldiers.

Edw. Thus farre our fortunes keepes an vpward courſe,
And we are graſt with wreathes of victorie:
Some troupes purſue the bloodie minded Queene,
That now towardes *Barwicke* doth poſte amaine,
But thinke you that *Clifford* is fled away with them?

War. No, tis impoſſible he ſhould eſcape:
For though before his face I ſpeake the wordes,
Your brother *Richard* markt him for the graue,
And where ſo ere he be, I warrant him dead.

Clifford grones, and then dyes.

Edw. Harke, what ſoule is this that takes his heauie leaue?

Rich. A deadly grone, like life and deaths departure.

Edw. See who it is, and now the battailes ended,
Friend or foe, let him be friendly vſed.

Rich. Reuerſe that doome of mercie, for tis *Clifford*,
Who kild our tender brother *Rutland*,
And ſtabd our princely Duke of *Yorke*.

War. From off the gates of *Yorke* fetch downe the head,
Your fathers head which *Clifford* placed there,
In ſtead of that, let his ſupply the roome.
Meaſure for meaſure muſt be anſwered.

Edw. Bring foorth that fatall skritch-Owle to our houſe,
That nothing ſung to vs but blood and death,
Now his yll boding tongue no more ſhall ſpeake.

War. I thinke his vnderſtanding is bereft.

Say